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A MISCELLANY

FOR THE CULTIVATION OF

THE MEMORABLE, THE PROGRESSIVE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

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DESIRABLENESS OF A KNOWLEDGE OF ONE ANOTHER AMONG THE UNVULGAR OF ALL CLASSES.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

SHENSTONE says, that he "never saw a town or city in a map, but he figured to himself many agreeable persons in it, with whom he could have wished to be acquainted."

He calls this feeling "an avarice of social pleasure," and says it procured him nothing but "mortification."

This was bringing the matter too closely home to the egotistical, or rather morbid side. Shenstone's "egotisms" (and he expressly calls this reflection one of them) had nothing in them that warranted the application of that term in an offensive sense. They always included sympathy with others; indeed, arose out of it, and could not be contented without gathering them, as it were, into their arms. But the kindly pleasantness of his genius was not seconded by a healthy temperament. He had a lively fancy in a sluggish blood. He should have considered, in this instance, that, as it was impossible for him to conjure his agreeable people out of the map, or whisk himself bodily to their dinner or tea tables, it was his business to be contented with thinking how agreeable they were to one another, and what charming moments were probably occurring that instant to thousands of amiable persons in every city in Europe—a reflection we are too apt to lose sight of, when thinking of the condition of our fellow-creatures.

On the other hand, as it is quite possible, and sometimes very desirable, for agreeable people to be unexpectedly brought together, the good-natured poet might reasonably have expressed a regret that such was not oftener the case, especially when, to agreeableness as companions, they joined excellence as men. Still more especially is this to be desired, when combination among such persons might help to increase the sphere of their influence; and most especially of all is it desirable, when such persons are kept apart, not merely for want of some ordinary ceremony of introduction, but by those circumstances of class and condition with which their exceptional cases have no real drawback in common, and which, like every other true aristocracy, they are born to ameliorate and refine. For, as there are vulgar in all classes, from the richest to the poorest,

so there are persons in the poorest classes as unvulgar in their nature as the most refined in the richest, though their bearing cannot be expected to adapt itself so readily to the prevailing modes and manners by which refinement is usually evinced. The vulgar and the unvulgar make, in fact, the only two real distinctions in the eyes of the highest reason all over the globe; and as the improvement of the one is the main business of the other, it is to be lamented that those who constitute the latter division of mankind should not all be known as such to one another; much more that they should be liable to mutual involuntary misconceptions, caused by those among them with whom they have no other real identity. We say "involuntary," for no unvulgar mind, whether its possessor be rich or poor, willingly thinks ill of another. The readier anybody is to do so, the more he betrays of intellectual and moral destitution; for the impulse to do it arises out of conscious defect; is a desire either to nullify what he does not possess, or to identify the worth which he denies with his own worthlessness. Hence the vulgarest kind of aristocrat can see nothing in the democrat but a desire to burn the house over his head, and possess himself of his goods; that is to say, nothing but what he himself would desire under the like circumstances. The vulgarest democrat, in like manner, sees nothing in the aristocrat but a desire to monopolize all he can get, and trample on the democrat into the bargain; that is to say, he makes him the representative of his own insolence and cupidity. The democrat not quite so vulgar, but still vulgar enough to be knave and simpleton, sees in the aristocrat only a smoother kind of person, who flatters to betray him; and the aristocrat of the same mark considers the gentle democrat as nothing but a fawning or canting slave, trying to juggle out of him what he has not the courage to steal. So with manufacturers and their workmen. The master who sees in his mechanics only so many spokes to his wheels, is but a vulgar mechanic himself, no better than the instruments which set them in motion; and the workman who can figure to himself no other kind of master, is no better than the master, and would be just such another were he in his place. He is such another when he gets there. He stands amidst his fine goods and chattels like a burlesque on prosperity. They are all vulgarians together, feudal lord and cotton lord, duke and demagogue, ironmonger, spinner, &c.; each paints his own likeness in the other; and hence

come the worst heartburnings of society, and the greatest obstacles in the way of advancement.

Not so the true aristocrat or the true democrat, neither of whom is properly designated by exclusive titles, for neither of them desires any state of things, but the justest and the best for all. What a pity it is that such men could not all know one another, and come together! How many quarrels and differences would they not put an end to, that rise even among themselves, from having unfit associates? For the worst disputes are those that take place among unequal understandings professing the same objects, and therefore the more irritated by difference; whereas, if the very best natures in all classes, and those best natures only,—by which we mean the very finest hearts and heads,—could by any magical process be brought to compare notes over some prodigious Board of Green Cloth, the very desire to harmonize, which is the most distinguishing quality of such natures, and which is at the root of all which they desire to effect for mankind, would dispose them to an accord which natures of an antagonistical order find it impossible to conceive.

What was Caligula, the Roman emperor, but the lowest blackguard in his dominions, when he wished that his people had but one neck, that he might have the pleasure of decapitating them at a blow? and what were the Trajans and Antonines, who made the Roman world happy, but the best fellow-creatures in their empire? The other day we read of a poor wealthy wretch near Exeter, who amassed 200,000*l.* out of the oppression of his dependants, and “as he lived detested by society,” (says the account) “so he died among the silent rejoicings of his relations.” What a low-minded brute, and what a death! In the same book* was an account of David Dale, of Lanark (Robert Owen's father-in-law), whose establishment consisted of 5,000 men, women, and children, “all dependant on his philanthropy for their support,” and all living happily together in one society “organized by his wisdom.” Mr. Owen has often since confirmed this account of him, and added particulars of the dancing, singing, and other polite amusements, of which their happiness partly consisted. Here was a born gentleman, of the highest natural refinement, let his birth have otherwise been what it might.

The celebrated Hutton of Birmingham, who was bred a poor weaver of the humblest description, met, as he advanced in the world, with a paper manufacturer, who, instead of keeping him at a distance, and getting all he could out of his industry, took him by the hand, and helped to make his fortune. This was Robert Bage, author of *Hermesprong* and other admirable novels, a paper-maker, a tradesman, also a complete gentleman, indeed a kind of model of a man for accomplishments, wit, and worth. He lived during the French Revolution, and was on the side, and very warmly so, of the new views of the world: yet what did he do in his very “showing up” of lords and aristocrats in that famous novel of *Hermesprong*, but make his hero, who does it all, the heir (and conscious heir) to a title himself? So little did he oppose class for class sake, or object to anything in a lord but what the whole House of Lords ought to shudder to find among them.

A novel has just been sent us, which Bage, could he have lived till now, would have hailed with delight as an evidence of refinement in advance upon his own,—indeed, as a realization of all he could reasonably have looked for in that respect, as far as concerned his own department of literature. It is called *The First Angel*, and comes, if we are not mistaken, out of a master-manufactory connection. A maturer first production in prose we have never met with, or one better qualified to instruct many a critical elder. The reader

will find some of it in the next number of our JOURNAL; and will think how pleased we must have been at finding one of the greatest objects of our own publication so happily pursued.

We had scarcely finished the perusal of this work (which we read through without stopping), than we received a smaller, but in its way not less interesting, and, perhaps, more remarkable production (for the writer has been less educated), called *Chapters in the History of a Life* by “January Searle,” full (as our readers will also see) of the most genuine Platonical enthusiasm on the subject of Love and Beauty; and we had no sooner taken breath from our admiration of this extraordinary “journeyman” work (no such as Shakespeare speaks of), than our eyes lighted on a printed copy of the charming verses, dipped in the very dew and fragrance of poetry, the most truly so called, entitled *Cottagers*, which appeared in our JOURNAL of the week before last, and which is from the pen of a manufacturing “Piecer Boy.”

Now here, we conceive, is “worshipful society” gathered from every grade of commercial life, and fit for intellectual companionship with life the most refined. Such persons cannot be abruptly brought together in the body; no persons can, even among congenial spirits of their own class; but they may, can, and (with the assistance of other honest pages) shall be brought together in every respect, for the good of all parties concerned, and the harmonious progress of the world. A Howard, indeed, to his immortal honour, has gone forth to meet them. A Cavendish, who neither lightly gives, nor coldly confers, such a distinction, takes his gardener, Faxton, by the hand, and commends him, as his “friend” and a man of genius, to the world. And though the difference between the parties was not of a like conventional distance, or of any distance at all that we know of, yet, for reasons of a personal as well as public nature, we have not been more gratified for a long while, than when we found, the other day, the Whig genius of the *Edinburgh Review*, with considerate and respectful urbanity (an enviable first step), opening a ground of discussion with the Socialists; who, in the person of the editor of the *Leader*, have rejoiced to answer in the like tone. That editor, Thornton Hunt, is a beloved and loving son of the writer of these pages, possessed of powers which it becomes a parent rather to admire than to eulogize, and all but a victim (if he will not yet insist upon being one) to the most heroic industry. (He soon, we trust, will refresh, as well as diversify his labours by some uncontroversial writing in this JOURNAL.) He was brought up in sentiments of reverence for independent convictions. He has exercised his right accordingly; and though, in consequence, he sometimes gives us a pain proportionate to the wish for a different sentiment, in his opinions both on men and measures, yet a heart more sincerely desirous of universal good, apart from any bigotry as to forms of it, and assuredly with less tendency to renounce anything generous and ornamental, does not exist. In the right spirit of the word, and therefore, without injury or contradiction to our own differences of opinion (for the last conceivable vicissitudes of governments must retain, we believe, all that we desire them to retain, for the sake both of peace and beauty), we are as much Socialists as he. So, we believe, are all men who discern whither society is, and must be, going, in proportion to the advance of its knowledge and to the necessity for accord; and on this account it is, that we desire to see all the natural leaders of mankind become acquainted with one another, to the better smoothing of the road, and arrival at the promised land. We would fain make some future Queen Victoria the queen of a May-day of the world.

* The fourth volume of the old *Monthly Magazine*.

(Chapter X. of the “Town” in our next.)

The Weekly Novelist.

No. IX.

THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR.

A TALE OF MODERN MANNERS.

No. II.*

Autumn had been succeeded by winter; but, ere the early buds of spring appeared, the feelings and position of Marmaduke Milnwood were destined to undergo no less signal a transformation. One of the first mild days of February, he had received a pressing invitation from Mrs. Boswell, to be present at a little fete to be given in honour of her birthday. The drawing-room at Vauluse certainly did look very pretty as Marmaduke entered it. Mr. and Mrs. Boswell surrounded by their children looked quite patriarchal: the young people seemed more than ordinarily happy and amiable. On a table, covered with a white cloth, lay the presents made to Mrs. Boswell by the different members of her family. From her husband to the youngest child, only three years old—all had prepared some gift in honour of the happy occasion. Marmaduke would have been pleased and delighted at the domestic picture, were it not for the sentimental manner of the lady of the house. As she lounged on the sofa in a *piquante* undress cap—wearing a white muslin dressing-gown, fastened with knots of pale blue ribbon, with a sprig of forget-me-not in her hand—her air was so theatrical, so languishing, and so evidently got up for effect, that her guest could scarcely overcome his repugnance so far as to occupy the seat which Mrs. Boswell had made for him on the sofa by her side.

"Thank you, dear, dear friend, for coming to us this morning. You are the only being for whose presence I could wish on these affecting anniversaries. You see me here surrounded by my Lares and Penates: these are the touching gifts of affection, prepared for me by my beloved husband and children. Look at this charming sofa-cushion—worked for me by my angel Augusta, lilies and roses, and forget-me-nots—on which I am to pillow my aching head. And my sweet Jemima has made me these lovely hand-screens; Annabella and Felicia have worked these footstools; Montague has dedicated to me these pathetic verses; Wilberforce has made me a flower-stand, and the table is covered with the offerings of my younger boys. Even little Theodore has plucked for me this bouquet—I would have nothing added to it. In the simple blossom of the forget-me-not, there is a *feeling*—a pathos—a world of—of—you understand me, and feel with me, my dear friend?"

Marmaduke congratulated the lady on the filial affection which these gifts evinced.

"I am, indeed, blessed in my children—in their deep affection, as well in their early promise. Augusta is my dearest, my most chosen companion. Though so young, she is a miracle of genius and *feeling*. I am so glad—so very glad—you admire her cushion. I assure you, she thought of you when she was working it. Do you remember saying that the lily was your favourite flower; she selected it on that very account, and blended it with roses and forget-me-nots—the emblems of her fresh young feelings."

"I feel much gratified by the compliment she has paid me; though I fear, my dear madam, you flatter me, and that Miss Augusta may have followed the dictates of her own taste exclusively."

"Indeed, I am not mistaken, my dear friend. Augusta speaks of you constantly, and endeavours to consult your taste in everything she undertakes. Dear, innocent girl! she said to me only this morning—'Mama, how does it happen that this winter has

passed so rapidly and delightfully—your birthday come, and this happy winter unconsciously flown? It must be having our charming neighbour so often with us. The time passes so delightfully when he is here; and when he is absent I can read the books he recommends, and sing the songs he likes, and paint his favourite flowers—and so the days succeed each other quietly and pleasantly.'"

Marmaduke looked up: he was silent and embarrassed. He glanced towards Augusta, who was at a distant part of the room, telling a merry story to her brother Randolph, who was laughing immoderately. She looked bright, animated, and amiable. Marmaduke thought her perfectly lovely, and wondered why he had not done her justice long before. His vanity was flattered by the avowed preference felt for him; though he could not but see Mrs. Boswell's aim and object. Her manoeuvrings were transparent, and yet he fell into her toils. He looked at Mr. Boswell—a man he had often pitied—and he saw him with Theodore on his shoulders, feigning himself a horse for the little fellow's amusement, and surrounded by a group of joyous children—looking himself as merry as the gayest of them. With all this, he contrasted his own lot, and he gave the preference to the position of his friend, even when saddled with such a wife as Mrs. Boswell. Augusta was very young, and her character was pliant. As his wife—and possessing, as he evidently did, from the acknowledgment of her mother, her first affections—he could mould her into any form he pleased. She was certainly very pretty, and so kind to her little brothers and sisters. Marmaduke almost persuaded himself that he loved her. It would be ungenerous, too, he argued, should I disturb the repose of a family from whom I have received so much kindness; and break the heart of an innocent young girl, whose only fault is her unconscious attachment to myself. Influenced by these feelings, Marmaduke cordially returned the pressure of the hand which Mrs. Boswell had placed in his.

"If I could flatter myself that you have not judged erroneously, my dear madam, I should now be the happiest of men."

Mrs. Boswell's face expressed unequivocal delight, as she reiterated her conviction that she had rightly interpreted her daughter's sentiments.

"Will you permit me then, my dear madam, to see Miss Boswell in private to-morrow; and learn from her own lips the avowal on which my future happiness depends. Forgive me, for leaving you now abruptly: I shall be at Vauluse early in the morning."

"Children—go to your nursery," exclaimed Mrs. Boswell in a peremptory tone, the moment the hall-door closed on her guest. "Augusta and Jemima, you must remain. My dear," she continued addressing her husband, as soon as her injunctions had been obeyed, "Mr. Milnwood has proposed to me for Augusta. I take it for granted you have no objection to so excellent a match. He is to be here early to-morrow morning, Augusta; and you must have on your striped silk dress; you may wear my new French collar. Mr. Milnwood will then propose for you in person: you must not be silly or foolish; but tell him you love him;—and all that—when he asks you."

"I am aware this would be a most advantageous match for Augusta," interposed Mr. Boswell; "but I trust my child will be guided solely by the dictates of her own heart. Will you tell your father what it counsels, my dear girl?"

"Indeed, papa. I don't know. I never thought about Mr. Milnwood before."

"Do not be tempted by his wealth and position to give your hand, unless your heart accompanies it, my dear Augusta. You would prepare for yourself a long career of misery in marrying, from mercenary motives, one whom you did not love."

* Continued from p. 135.

"What nonsense you talk, Boswell!" interrupted his wife, impatiently. "I hate all such high-flown rhodomontade. What is to prevent Augusta from becoming mistress of Milnwood Manor, and driving her own carriage, and keeping up one of the best establishments in the country, and loving Mr. Milnwood as much as she pleases, into the bargain?"

"If Augusta won't have him, I only hope he may give me a chance of saying Yes," said Jemima.

"Hold your tongue, miss! and keep your opinion to yourself until you are asked to give it," said her mother, snappishly. "You can go to your room, girls; and, Augusta, attend to my directions for the morning."

"I must insist, my dear wife, upon your permitting Augusta to give her own unbiassed answer to Milnwood's proposal. It would be very gratifying to me to have our dear child settled so near us, and united to so excellent a man; but I will not hear of it, unless she cordially likes him. He is plain; and her senior by many years. I used to fear, I may confess to you, that Augusta entertained some feeling—I will not call it an attachment—for George Elliott; so much so, that I exerted myself to procure him the cadetship which has removed him to a distance; thinking it as well to have the seas between him and our child. Possibly my apprehensions may have misled me; and I have dreaded a danger which had no existence; but if my suspicions had any foundation, some lingering feeling of the kind I refer to may lead Augusta to contrast young George's manly beauty with the unprepossessing exterior of her present suitor: a comparison not to the advantage of Mr. Milnwood."

"What nonsense you talk, Boswell! Augusta is a sensible girl; not the arrant fool you seem to imagine. However, I will hear nothing more from you on this subject, for this night at least."

Thus ended this day, so eventful for the proprietor of Milnwood Manor. The next morning found Marmaduke in no enviable mood of mind. He trembled when he reflected on the probable consequences of the step he was about to take. How could he bring, as mistress to the old hall, one so incompetent to fill the place of his revered mother; or to prove to him the friend, comforter, and companion he desired to find in his wife? He must henceforth struggle with these thoughts, and not permit their intrusion. His honour was pledged; and if Augusta loved him, she should, at least, receive in return the most tender consideration; which he trusted would hereafter ripen into a warmer attachment.

Augusta, previously instructed by her mother, gave a blushing assent to his proposal for her hand. When the summer had come, she was to be his bride: in the mean time, his visits to Vaucluse were frequent, and his reception was always as cordial as his heart could wish. The news of his engagement was soon the subject of discussion in every coterie in Milnwood and its vicinity. The old housekeeper at the Manor was highly indignant, and would have favoured her master with "a bit of her mind," had he not silenced her in so peremptory a manner, as to prevent any recurrence to the disagreeable topic. Mary Jacson at first was incredulous: when convinced that the report was well-founded, her feelings were of a mixed kind, not easily analyzed even by herself. To her utter surprise, to her horror and self-reproach, she found that her sentiments for Mr. Milnwood had passed the limits of friendship, and more nearly resembled the emotions of love. Unconsciously to herself, their frequent intercourse, their daily interchange of thought and similarity of tastes, had been fraught with danger; now, her tranquillity of mind was impaired, and she felt the necessity of making a strong effort to overcome and conceal a real, an actual attachment.

With Mary Jacson, to see the path of duty was to pursue it resolutely, whatever it might cost. Humbled

and self-abased, she searched her own heart, and expelled from it the dreams which had before been cherished visitants. Tranquillity in that troubled breast was soon re-established; for it was sought for in devout meditation and fervent prayer. She had learned to look on the things of this world from that high elevation whence only their relative magnitudes may be truly discerned. Peace, "not such as the world giveth," was the result of this practical self-examination, and an increased and cheerful performance of her daily duties. None knew or guessed the struggle, the conflict, or the victory.

Her thoughts were opportunely withdrawn from herself by the return of her dearly loved brother, to spend a few months at home before taking possession of a valuable college living, to which he had been inducted on his ordination. Henry Jacson might well be the pride and joy of his father, for a nobler being did not walk this earth. Full of every generous sentiment; overflowing with philanthropy and universal kindness; thinking no evil, but believing all good things of all men; his simplicity and guilelessness was excessive: while he possessed a commanding intellect and varied learning.

Mary Jacson had another cause of rejoicing. Her cherished friend Lucy Elliott had returned to Hawthorn Cottage; a simple rustic residence adjoining Beechgrove, which had for some years been the abode of a widowed lady, and her son and daughter. Mrs. Elliott's drooping figure, and prematurely silvered hair, too plainly told of the sorrows she had endured. Her husband had been an officer in the East India Company's service; and she had returned to England soon after his death. In her selection of the village of Milnwood for her future residence, she had been determined by the advantages it afforded for educating her children at a small cost: the trifling pension of a lieutenant's widow compelled her, even here, to forego many of the comforts of life, to promote the interests of these dear objects of her solicitude. Mrs. Elliott thought she could never be sufficiently grateful to her wealthier neighbour for exerting his influence to obtain a cadetship for George; little imagining that Mr. Boswell's services in this matter were not quite so disinterested as they seemed; his principal motive being—as we have seen—to separate, before it might be too late, his daughter Augusta and the dangerously handsome George Elliott. His fond and proud mother, overjoyed at the prospect of honour and distinction which awaited her son in a career which had been his father's before him, was yet well nigh heartbroken at parting from him. To her maternal breast the dangers, moral and physical, which he might encounter when away from home, and from her, were ever vividly present. Perhaps the fate of his gallant father—cut down in the summer of his days on the glorious but, to him, fatal field of victory—awaited her young and ardent son. Then she would bitterly exclaim with the poet,—

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

With mingled emotions such as we have described, Mrs. Elliott and Lucy accompanied George to London. There they prepared his outfit; and watched, with tearful eyes and bursting hearts, the vessel which bore him, with an adventurous spirit—full of hope and eager longings—far from the English shore.

On her return to the cottage, Lucy, who had always loved and revered Mary Jacson, clung to her more fondly and confidently than ever. She, whom the loss of a brother had now made companionless, was formed by nature to lean, perhaps too exclusively, on those she loved for support. Her full heart yearned for affection and sympathy. She was the most dependent,

and at the same time the most devoted, of human beings. Like Wordsworth's "Lucy," it might be said of her—

"A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown."

Hers too was

"the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm,"

which formed a portion of the poet's exquisite portraiture of maiden loveliness in mind and person.

In her mother, to whom she was the most affectionate of daughters, Lucy Elliott could not find the tender friend for whose sympathy her young heart craved. Prematurely old—broken down by the sorrows of life—Mrs. Elliott lived in the past; her sighs were devoted to the memory of her adored husband; and her tears fell over the relics of former blissful days, which repeople the past whenever they met her gaze. She smiled at the griefs—to her so insignificant—which suffused with pity the soft eyes of her sensitive and guileless child.

Mary Jaeson was some years older than her friend. She had always been her teacher; but in every graceful accomplishment, Lucy speedily surpassed her instructress. Her refined and delicate organization partook of that of the poet, and of the kindred genius of the artist, and the impassioned votary of melody and song. Alas! that the organization of genius should so often be fatal to its possessor; that these fine and delicate chords which vibrate so sweetly to a gentle touch—combining in varied harmonies, so ravishing, so divine—should, like the fragile strings of a lute too tightly strung, be often prematurely shattered by rude conflict with the world: and then—

"As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute."

Since the return of Henry Jaeson, the intimacy between the families at Beechgrove and Vauluse had been unusually great. As for Mrs. Boswell, a great change had come "o'er the spirit of her dream." Henry Jaeson—the bookworm—the unrepresentable—the *gauche*—was the incumbent of a parish worth five or six hundred a year: not a very large income in itself, Mrs. Boswell argued, but then—Jemima was decidedly very plain; nor were her poetic talents likely to help her to a husband. Annabella and Felicia really could not be kept any longer in short frocks and pinafores. The family Bible, which recorded on its fly-page the ominous fact that these young ladies—"the children," as their mother still called them—had attained the respective ages of seventeen and eighteen, had been long ago carefully locked up by that judicious and practical lady, who was far too good and excellent a mother to permit their pinafores to be displaced, their hair to be turned up, or their dresses lengthened, until their elder sisters, as was only fair and right, should be disposed of in marriage. Marmaduke, who was constantly with his affianced bride, had therefore ample opportunities of improving his acquaintance with his friends at Beechgrove, and of becoming intimate with Lucy Elliott, who was well nigh inseparable from Mary Jaeson, since her brother's departure for India.

"I am glad to find in you so ardent an admirer of Wordsworth's poetry," said Marmaduke; taking up a volume which Lucy had laid aside at his approach, one evening at Beechgrove. "This book, I see, can answer for the discriminating taste of its reader."

"Wordsworth's poems please me more, perhaps, than the writings of any other author. They are so deeply imbued with the love, the worship of Nature. Nothing escapes him. The "meanest flower that blows" is as hallowed in his eyes as "the mountains, the tall rock, and gloomy wood"; or the "clouds that

gather round the setting sun"; and then the thoughts which all these suggest are high, holy, and elevating, yet, at the same time, so simple, so soothing. But I have to thank Henry Jaeson for making me familiar with these poems; not only because this volume is his gift, but because also he has been to me its interpreter."

"Dear me!" interrupted Mrs. Boswell, "I never knew that Henry Jaeson was a lover of poetry. I wish you would entrust me with your cherished book for a day or two, my dear Miss Elliott. My sweet Jemima has such a divine taste for poetry; she will be enraptured with this volume, I am sure; and I will promise to take excellent care, and return safely, that which you so highly value as a *gage d'amour*."

"You are mistaken," replied Lucy, calmly, though with a slight change of colour. To Marmaduke it seemed an evidence of resentment; not of feeling, such as that so ungenerously ascribed to her. She looked up at him, too, as if seeking his protection from unprovoked insult; but the flush of anger soon passed from that lovely face, which resumed its wonted expression of benignity and gentleness.

Marmaduke at that moment cordially detested his mother-in-law elect. He comprehended—with a clear-sighted sagacity that had only failed in his own case when his vanity had been appealed to—Mrs. Boswell's design of entrapping Henry Jaeson as a suitor for her second daughter. Whether she was really anxious to ascertain with what feelings Lucy Elliott regarded him, and on what terms they stood with one another, or whether, like a skilful general, she should mask her design, and cover her defeat should she be unsuccessful, by affecting to believe in an engagement between these young people, Marmaduke was yet uncertain. He determined to wait and watch, and, should it appear to him that Mrs. Boswell's random shot had been near the mark, shield the unsuspecting victims from the snares about to be laid for them. Since his engagement to Augusta, he had had ample opportunities of acquainting himself with her mother's principles and habits. They were most repugnant to him. Quite unconscious of his aversion, Mrs. Boswell was *empressé* in her affectionate tenderness to him personally, and frequent in the confidences she vouchsafed him. One subject on which she often insisted, was her merit as a mother—the sacrifices she had made for her children, and the gratitude they owed to her. Even in the matter of their Christian names, her dear Mr. Milwood could scarcely imagine the struggle she had had with Mr. Boswell, to prevent their being stigmatized by odious and plebeian appellations. He had been quite outrageous when she refused to call her beloved Augusta, Martha—Patty, indeed!—after his mother. It was the same with Montague and Wilberforce: she had felt it necessary to have them christened in their father's absence. Her sons owed it to her, and she hoped they would never forget it, that they were not baptized Jack or Dick, or some such name. Mr. Boswell positively insisted that her third daughter should be named after her, and wrote himself on the paper to be handed to the clergyman, Anne. Mrs. Boswell, with the utmost difficulty, had intercepted it and changed it into Annabella. These, and similar frivolities, Marmaduke might have pardoned; but he was indignant at the unreal atmosphere which pervaded everything at Vauluse. Did he call early in the day when Augusta was not visible, it was ever, "Dear Augusta will join you in a little time; she is just sketching from nature such a heavenly rose-bud"; or, "My sweet girl will not leave her Tasso until she has completed the translation of one or two stanzas more"; when, perhaps, Marmaduke would afterwards hear from the young lady herself, that she had been "trimming a cap for mama to wear this evening"; or, "arranging the ribbon on her bonnet more becom-

ingly." What sometimes struck him as very singular, was the awe with which all the children regarded their mother, though she incessantly lavished on them the most endearing epithets. One portion of her "system" became accidentally revealed to him; it was on the occasion of a late evening party at Vauluse—all the children, as usual, remained in the drawing-room. As the night advanced, Marmaduke observed little Randolph yawning most painfully.

"Why don't you go to bed, my dear boy? you look so very sleepy," he asked.

"Because I have nowhere to go to, until all the company go home. We sleep in the boudoir: it used to be our nursery; but now all our snug beds are gone, and mama has made it into a drawing-room, you know."

"What do you do for beds, then?" asked Marmaduke, good humouredly.

"We don't sleep in any beds; we sleep in hammocks behind the window shutters."

Marmaduke was about to ask some more explicit explanation, when Mrs. Boswell, who had caught the child's words, suddenly seized him by the arm, and literally hauled him out of the room. Instead of returning to Mr. Milnwood, she joined another group of her assembled guests.

Was it an accident, or was it design, that made Marmaduke forget his cigar-case in the "boudoir" that evening? Certain it is, that when the guests had departed, and the lights been extinguished, he suddenly presented himself in that elegant reception room; now transformed into a sleeping apartment for four little boys. Was it the storming of Mrs. Boswell's loud and angry voice, or the sobs of poor Randolph, that prevented the lady from catching the returning footsteps of her "dear Mr. Milnwood"? The scene which presented itself was singular. The shutters of the oriel window were closed—that "deep bay window" on which Mrs. Boswell plumed herself so highly, as a convincing proof of her architectural taste—and disclosed in the recesses behind the shutters four hammocks, slung one over another. Two little heads peeped out from their coverlids at one side of the window—one only at the opposite side. The luckless Randolph had been unmercifully ejected by his mother, to suffer the ignominious consequences of his rash communications. Mrs. Boswell, in her dressing-gown and curl papers, might be aptly compared to the moon "shorn of her beams, and suffering dim eclipse." Thus armed with the rod of correction, she bore a very faint resemblance to the bland, insinuating hostess of the previous half-hour. The coolness which this incident occasioned between Mrs. Boswell and her son-in-law elect lasted for some days. The first overtures towards renewed friendly relations were made by that lady. She resolutely presented herself at the Manor, and stormed Marmaduke in his library.

"I have come to consult you, my dear friend," she began, in her most insinuating tone, "on a matter in which I desire your advice and counsel. You know I consider you already one of the family, and your kindness to my loved Wilberforce convinces me that you will, for his sake, give your best attention to a matter which nearly concerns him. Mr. Boswell has received this morning a letter from my only brother, who, you are aware, is a West India planter. He has no family, and has to offer Wilberforce an appointment as overseer of one of his great sugar plantations, with a promise of making him heir of his property, should he be pleased with him on further acquaintance. Mr. Boswell is averse to letting Wilberforce go: now, I think it would be a thousand pities that he should lose such a chance. My brother is enormously rich, and in all probability will do as he said, and leave everything to our dear boy."

"What are his father's objections? I suppose he

thinks Wilberforce scarcely a suitable name for a slave-owner."

"The very thing he said; he burst out laughing when I spoke to him, and told me, forsooth! that my folly brought its own punishment, and that, since I had chosen to call my son Wilberforce without consulting him, I might make up my mind to his remaining in England; but I can't, for the life of me, see what his name has to say to the matter at all: it is an aristocratic sounding name, to be sure, and I selected it on that account; but surely there is nothing derogatory to a gentleman—even were he noble—in becoming the proprietor of West Indian estates?"

"But you know, my dear madam, that William Wilberforce, after whom you have no doubt named your son, was the zealous opponent of the slave-trade. This has made his name illustrious. It would sound singular, not to say ridiculous, if his namesake were to become a slave-owner. I must confess that I feel with Mr. Boswell in this matter."

"Dear me! I never knew that," said Mrs. Boswell, "I only thought Mr. Wilberforce was a great speaker in Parliament: I never inquired what he spoke about; but I remember hearing that he was a friend, or enemy—I forget which—of Mr. Pitt. Promise me, however, if you will not aid me, that at least you will not strengthen Boswell in his obstinacy, by supporting his views in this instance. Even if it does sound a little odd, I had rather bear the inconsistency, than that my son should lose his prospects in the West Indies, and the reversion of his uncle's fine property."

"I shall preserve a strict neutrality," said Milnwood. As the lady withdrew, a bitter smile passed over his face—then a shudder, when he reflected that to this woman had been entrusted the training of his future wife.

M. N.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE DEAD FLY IN THE SYRUP.

Pride, coldness, or fastidiousness of nature, worldly cares, an anxious or ambitious disposition, a passion for display, a sullen temper,—one or the other,—too often proves "the dead fly in the compost of spices," and any one is enough to unfit it for the precious balm of unction. For some mighty good sort of people, there is not seldom a sort of solemn saturnine, or, if you will, ursine vanity, that keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance. And as this high sense, or rather sensation, of their own value is, for the most part, grounded on negative qualities, so they have no means of preserving the same than by negatives—that is, by not doing or saying anything that might be put down for fond, silly, or nonsensical; or (to use their own phrase) by never forgetting themselves, which some of their acquaintance are uncharitable enough to think the most worthless object they could be employed in remembering.—*Coleridge.*

A GERMAN PHILOSOPHER UPON WAR.

At the termination of a war and the signing of a treaty of peace, it might not be unbefitting that the proclamation of a day of thanksgiving should be immediately followed by one of fast and penitence, wherein to implore pardon of Heaven for the grievous sin which the race of man is continually committing; inasmuch as no nation will submit to any legal restraint or agreement in relation to other nations, but, proud of its independence, chooses rather to resort to the barbarian expedient of war (by which that which is sought—viz., the right of each nation—can never in any case be ascertained). The thanksgivings and rejoicings on occasion of a victory, the hymns which (in a genuine Judaical spirit) are sung to the Lord of Hosts, stand in the strongest contrast to the moral conception of the Father of men; since they not only show a total indifference to the nature of the means by which nations seek to establish their right respectively (which is melancholy enough), but display a pensive joy at having destroyed the lives, or ruined the happiness, of multitudes of human beings.—*Kant.*

Original Poetry.

THE SILENT TEACHER OF HUMILITY.

(From the German of Pritzel.)

As evening clothed the world again in shadows,
 A sultan walked with proud and stately pace,
 And 'midst his groves of palms, and vines, and aloes,
 Look'd suddenly a dervish in the face;
 Who calmly sat, in earnest contemplation
 And lost in thought, upon the mossy ground:
 It seem'd to be his only occupation
 To turn a human skull around and round—
 The sultan at this meeting was surprised
 And coldly ask'd, with an expressive mien,
 As if the humble thinker he despised,
 What in the empty bone was to be seen?
 "I found, my liege, when day was scarcely breaking,"
 Replied the priest, "the skull you here behold,
 But howso'er my brains I've since been raking,
 Cannot succeed its problem to unfold.
 What, spite of all my thoughts and calculations,
 I cannot fathom, sire, is simply this:
 Did a proud sultan own this decoration,
 Or a poor dervish only call it his?"

SINCERO.

PROGRESS AND A PHANTOM.

A VIGOROUS world—to its own music turning,
 Flowers wreathing it, and golden lamps aye burning,
 And ever fresher airs and brighter flowers,
 And kindlier hopes than filled its early bowers,
 With god-like food to man no more forbidden,
 And aspirations for all good unhidden—
 Saw a black shadow on its noon-tide rising,
 And heard strange sounds less awful than surprising.
 "Stand still! Go back!" the sombre phantom muttered:
 And men waxed wroth with what the Nothing uttered.
 And strong arms smote the air with lusty cleavings,
 And Scorn could not keep down its bosom-heavings.
 Whereat the angels smiled. The wrath was glorious—
 And the Shade fled before the Frown victorious.

J. W. DALBY.

DISENCHANTMENT.

BY WILLIAM MACCALL.

I.

It is not well when we have lost
 The power to be deceived:
 When the fair arraigned of falsehood
 No longer is believed:
 When earth is bare before us,
 And we look into its heart;
 And we dread the less its wickedness,
 By knowing all its art.

II.

How beautiful the innocence
 That made us dupes of men,
 Because our richest rapture,
 Was to be the dupes again,
 And yet again of the trooping thoughts,
 And the purple phantasies,
 That came and went, we cared not how,
 Like sunshine in the skies!

III.

A noble thing is Wisdom,
 And Work is nobler still:
 God! teach me to be wiser,
 Teach me to do thy will:
 But whilst I strive by bravest deeds
 To follow Wisdom's ways,
 My soul is ever pining,
 For the dreams of other days.

IV.

For oft in gloomy mood I fear
 That I struggle, toil in vain,
 And that man's lasting heritage
 Is slavery and pain:
 And more I fear, though feeling
 My fear to be a sin,
 That Love is exiled from the breast,
 When Knowledge enters in.

WEST-RIDING SKETCHES.

No. I.

KIRKLEES PARK.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

KIRKLEES HALL, the property of Sir George Armitage, Bart., is occupied, at present, by Henry Wickham Wickham, Esq., one of the proprietors of the Low Moor Iron-works. It was built, I believe, in the reign of James I., out of the materials of the Kirklees nunnery, so celebrated in the Robin Hood ballads, and is a large irregular structure, though of a massy and imposing appearance. It is distant about a mile from the Cooper Bridge station, on the line of rails running between Manchester and Leeds, and stands in the midst of a fine park, upon a high platform of well-wooded hills. The hall windows command a magnificent prospect of hill, plain, and valley, with numerous hamlets, villages, and churches scattered over it. Groups of large and lofty trees, some of them of a very ancient date, surround this noble mansion, and look like the natural guardians of the domain and the household. The park is well stocked with deer, and horned cattle of a rare breed; and the adjoining farm lands are in a high state of cultivation.

It would be impossible to imagine a more delightful abode, so rich in beauty and variety, so full of olden tradition and history. I have wandered over the grounds on many a fine summer's morning, with a heart full of thankfulness and joy for so sweet a privilege, and with an indescribable consciousness of the wonder and glory of life. I suppose these are no new feelings, but they are associated in my mind with the pastures, dells, and woodlands of this fine locality, and constitute the moral features of the landscape. The vicinity of the park to the manufacturing town of Huddersfield, where I reside, has always made it peculiarly attractive to me, and the contrast of a busy town life with the quiet and sunny beauty of nature, in this deep and musical seclusion, has doubtless served to sharpen the edge of my enjoyment. And now that the summer is over, and the glooms of December darken all the country with their shadows, there is to me a high romance in the recollection of these rambles, and I think of Kirklees as some fair inheritance of which I have been dispossessed by evil enchantments. I know, however, that I shall have my own again in the spring solstice, and, in the meanwhile, I hang the picture of it in my memory.

Beautiful picture! how I love it with its woods and lofty terraces, its flowers and waters, its gardens and singing birds! and how heartily I thank God for it! From my earliest youth, Nature has been to me as a beautiful mother, and I have gone to sleep upon her breast, "rocked by the beating" of her gentle and affectionate heart, to wake with new gladness in her presence and smiles. It is a relationship worth cultivating, and when once established it brings with it the purest pleasures, and prepares the way for high insights and revelations. I have felt all this in my many wanderings through some of the finest scenery in England and America; and often, with no scrip in

my purse, and nothing but a crust of bread in my wallet, have I sat down by the lonely forest stream, surrounded by the "green robed senators of mighty woods," as Keats calls the great forest trees, with mountains for a background, and heaven for a canopy;—whilst a thousand wood birds sang their sweetest songs to me, as I ate, with relish and thankfulness, my simple meal. In such companionship, although in the extremest poverty, I could never feel myself poor; for I was free to wander where my inclination or fancy led me, and walked through the world, as Bulwer says of the Romans, like a "lord in his hall." Any one may buy this pleasure, and revel in this rare delight—this feeling of kinship to nature and God—if he be so inclined; for it is cheap and untaxable, and is as open to the poor as to the rich; very frequently much more open to the former than to the latter, although from causes quite irrespective of any external condition. The generality of men cannot, it is true, roam abroad over the savannas and boundless prairies of the earth, but they can all woo Nature as she lies around them in her voluptuous physical and moral beauty; for she never hides herself, but loves to reveal her charms to all, and betrays none of her lovers. There is in close vicinity to every town and village in England, some sunny nook or tiny glade; some woodland, mountain land, moorland; some fair pastoral and river scenery; some dear secluded spot, or some broad and open common, where the wearied worker may find repose and strength for his soul, if he will only seek it out, and where the wealth of kings is beggared by the affluence of nature. I do not complain that I have no drawing-room in my house, that I keep no court nor banqueting hall, for I can spare these things very well, and know that Nature has finer saloons for me out of doors. Only think of these glorious scenes I have hinted at just now as the common property of the race, and tell me if it is not foolish to whine and fret ourselves, because some other person holds the parchment-deeds which give him the legal right to them. If they are his in that sense, they are mine in a higher, and he who loves the landscape is the true lord of the manor. So I never envied the good and generous Henry Wickham Wickham his noble domain of Kirkstiles, but have always been glad that he is wealthy enough to preserve so beautiful a picture for me in the landscape-gallery of Nature.

I like to go up there in my own freebooter way,—to climb over the park wall, that is,—and steal through the trees, along the Mosaic shadows which the sun paints upon the green sward in the glades, and so mount the high terrace which commands the vale of Calder, with the mountains and moorlands of Yorkshire in the distance. This terrace extends all along the park on the right of the hall, commencing at the lodge gates, and terminating at the grave of Robin Hood. It is a magnificent natural platform, the sides of which are clothed with luxuriant trees, rich herbage, and myriads of bright flowers. In the months of May and June it is literally purple with blue bells, and the air is so laden with their delicious odours that you might lie down amongst them, as I have often done, and dream of a paradise more glorious than Mahomet's. How wonderful it is that Nature should be so profuse of her riches! It is all one to her whether there be any of the highly organised human species to enjoy and appreciate her beauty or not; for everywhere, in the most out-of-the-way nooks and clefts of the earth, she scatters her golden largess, her fiery blossoms, her dear delicious children, that I am foolish enough to love so, under the name of flowers. I believe, however, as some sage philosophers believed before me, that flowers are really sentient beings, and enjoy their life as well as the rest of us. It is an amiable superstition, my scientific friends tell me, and I am content to rest in it; for it is quite as reasonable as other superstitions, and a great

deal more harmless. I have often very queer fancies—the transcendentalist would dignify them with the name of insights—about what is called the inanimate world. I am ready to believe that it is all alive, and that trees and flowers have a moral sense. Physical senses they certainly have, and why not moral ones? They believe in God I am sure, although the immortality of the soul is a doctrine which, perhaps, they have not grown up to yet. Then again, everything that I see is symbolical of something higher than itself, so that I read Nature as a divine picture-book. I think I am a Swedenborgian at the bottom, although good Emanuel is very little known to me. A truce, however, to these fine theories, fancies, or feelings; for I have yet a good deal to do in the way of narration and description, before I say farewell to the reader. Let us go back, therefore, to the terrace. Arbours, rustic seats, and grottoes, are placed in the most charming parts of it, commanding the finest views of the river Calder, of the valley scenery, and of the distant hills and moors. And whilst you are enjoying the keen invigorating air, and the almost boundless prospect, you are sure to be greeted by innumerable rabbits, who come out of their holes and stare at you, as if they would say—"What do you here, Mr. Impudence?" And then, before you have time to answer them, away they go, frisking down the hill-side, and wagging their white tails, as if they recollected that men know the uses of gunpowder and No. 8 shot. The deer, too, which are very tame, come and rub their heads against the park rails, and are inclined to be friendly; and what eyes they have! so large, bright, beautiful, and glorious. Byron once shot an eagle, if I remember rightly, and said he would never shoot another, the dying eyes of the bird looked so upbraidingly at him, and I say I could not shoot a deer—unless the master of the kitchen was absolutely savage with hunger—for precisely the same reason. In quenching the light of those dark, unspeakable eyes, I should feel as if I had killed a beautiful woman, and all beauty would henceforth cry out murder against me. Only look at that graceful creature before us, with its magnificent foliage of horns; its quick, musical motions; its listening ears, tremulous as an aspen leaf; its curved and proud neck; its black lustrous eyes, out of which houris seem to be peeping; its compact body; its delicate, lady-like legs, and tell me if you would be the slayer of so much beauty and vitality, for the mere sake of a haunch of venison? Doubtless, venison is very good, and must be had for the Kirkstiles larder; and no one likes the "saddle" or the haunch aforesaid better than myself, but I could not turn butcher to procure it. Conscience, however, always retreats (I never could tell exactly where) at the dinner-table, although I believe it would be found—upon strict physiological and psychological examination—to be somewhere below the gastric regions. Heaven help us! our morality is too often at the mercy of a good dinner.

At the extreme end of the terrace, surrounded by dark yew trees, with a plantation of pines before it, and only separated from it by a broad glade of ferns and gorsebushes, stands the veritable grave, according to tradition, of our national hero, Robin Hood. It is well secured from invasion by solid masonry and ironwork, and the top of the square enclosure is overlaid with wires, to prevent the curious from climbing into the sacred precincts. The headstone bears this inscription—(I quote from memory, as lazy scholars are so fond of doing):—

Here underneath this lite stane
Laz Robert Earl of Huntingdon,
Ne arzer wes as he so gued,
An piple ca'd him Robin Heud.
Sic outlaw az he, an his men,
Will England never see agen.

Obit 14th Kals, Decembris, 1248.

At least I think this is the date given on the stone, although I am not quite sure about it.

Now, to my mind, this is one of the most interesting spots in England; for whatever may become of the question respecting the rank of the old outlaw—that is, whether he was a nobleman, and fought with Simon de Montfort, or a yeoman, such as Chaucer describes in his "Canterbury Pilgrims"—the universal voice of tradition and popular ballad-mongering agree in ascribing to Kirklees the honour of his burial. Here is a transcript of my feelings and reflections, in blank verse (very blank, you will say), on my first visit to this memorable grave:—

Tread lightly o'er the earth, and speak no word
Till the Great Spirit doth unloose your tongues.
For where those yew-trees nod their funeral plumes,
Upon the highest platform of the hill,
Lies gentle Robin Hood—his mighty heart
All muffled up in dust, and his bright eyes
Quenched in eternal darkness. Never more
Shall the woods echo to his bugle horn,
Or his unerring arrow strike the deer
Swift flying, till it bite the bloody grass.
Clean gone for ever all his merry band,
Who erst, in gaberdines of green and gold,
Waylaid rich abbots in the Watlyne-street,
And broke their staves upon the sheriffs' men.
Broad-humoured Scathelock, and envious Much,
Will Stutely of the quarter-staff, and Tuck
The jolly friar, who liked more wine than prayer;
And all the hundred archers, vanished quite!
And she whom Robin loved, Maid Marian,
Light as a fawn, and beautiful as night,
When streams her starry hair along the heavens,
Rests like a lily, in the wild wood laid,
Amongst the moss and violets. Allan Dale,
The gentle harper, who was crossed in love,
Lies silent as the rest, his grave unknown;
And Little John, the master's favourite man,
Stiff in his giant bones at Hathersedge,
Sleeps on till doom, amongst the Derby hills.
So here, the Head of this broad history—
Who from his native hills in Loxley Chace,
With Simon Montfort fought at Evesham
For the great charter of the People's rights,
In unsuccessful battle, and became
A wild-wood rover, rather than abide
The whips and arrows of a tyrant's power,—
Lies prisoned in black rails; his epitaph
Proclaiming all his woodland gifts and deeds.

How lone and silent is the hallowed spot!
O'ergrown with fringed ferns, and mosses dank.
The tall, dark pines in solemn threnody
Wail o'er his tomb, as in the Grecian groves
The nymphs and dryads mourn a wood-god dead;
And not a sound disturbs the deep repose
Which like a slumbering spirit broods around.
Alas, poor Robin! thou art dead and gone!
And We, who slept within the fiery-womb
Of night and darkness, waiting to be born
When thou went down in silence to the grave,
Are here at last, to die and sink like thee,
Again into the chambers of the dark.
So rise and vanish all the Ghosts of Men!

A little beyond the grave, and at the end of the sunny opening which divides it from the pine plantation, is a small hand-gate, which opens into the park, about a mile from the hall. On the right, at what is called the "low entrance," is an old-fashioned lodge, with a garden in front, and an orchard of rich fruit-trees at the back of it. I have seen this orchard in full blossom, as I stood gazing over the lovely park scenery from this gate, in the charming and merry month of May, which, of all months in the year, I, like amorous Queen Bess, love the best, and have often wished, as she was wont to do, that I were a milk-girl during that sweet season of flowers and blossoms, that I might do nothing but enjoy myself, and sing songs, and press the white milk from the swollen udders of the rare old cows. Only,

I should want to drink the milk, and relish the cowslip flavour of it, as I turned the foam thereof into a syllabub (not of verjuice), but—may the ghost of teetotalism forgive me!—of sherry. Ah, me! a syllabub of sherry is no bad thing in the May time, especially if one's sweetheart be near to make it sweeter with her delicious lips. But I must not let the thought of such things run away with me.

Suppose, then, we cross the park, and wander through the trees, and amidst the herds of beautiful deer, towards the ruins of the nunnery. They lie just at the slope of the hill, with a long line of dark trees facing them, and a little brook, called to this day "Nun Brook," flowing at their feet. The ruins, however, are in no way very remarkable; for the nunnery itself is clean gone, and nothing remains to speak of its former splendour, except a part of the dormitory, hospital, and great barn, in which latter building the good lieges of the monastery were wont to pile their golden grain at the harvest time. The old lodge, in the chamber of which Robin died, and from whose low windows he is said to have shot the arrow which fell upon the place that now marks his grave, is still standing, and is, of course, the most interesting of these relics.

There are some curiosities belonging to the Armitage family in the barn, which I must not omit to mention. These consist of a number of antique carriages, one of them, I suspect, is as old as James the First's time, and oddly fashioned carry-alls they are. They are of a lofty build, and the seats are mounted over the axles by large bow springs. A ploughman would scarcely ride in such go-carts at this day, and as for our dear young ladies at the hall, or any hall, I should like to see papa offer them such carriages to make a morning call in. We have certainly made progress since those old times, in our ideas of travelling comfort, and in rapidity of motion, and are not likely to go back again. Judging from the size of the nunnery barn, I should think the lands belonging to it were not very extensive. The Tithe Barn at Peterboro', which was an appendage of the old Gildenburg monastery, would make three or four of it, a fact we cannot marvel at, if it be true, as historians tell us, that nine-tenths of the lands of England, at the time of the Reformation, were in the hands of the Church. Barns, however, have no consciences; no religious scruples; and house corn as well for Protestants as for Catholics, as the Kirklees barn, which is full of grain, although owned by a good Churchman, is a convincing proof. The nunnery-yard is now converted into a farm-yard, and the buildings into stables and cowsheds. Several labourers live upon the spot, and there is a rare breed of fowls in the poultry-glebe.

Two other objects of real interest lie close to the ruins; and these are the convent grave-yard and garden. I will quote again from the blank rhymers, who thus describes them:—

Beyond the lodge, enclosed in mouldering walls,
The convent garden lies. The old oak door,
Dropping with worms upon its crazy hinge,
Admits you stooping. It is just the place
One would have thought to find in an old land
Long since deserted of all living men,
And given up to bats, and dreary owls,
And lizards sleeping on the sunny walls.
Thick nettles choke the earth; and hemlocks rank
And strange, wild herbs, medicinal are there,
With scents of rotting leaves, and hyssop flowers.
The fruit-trees bear the scars of fruitless age;
Their trunks all botched and knotted; with grey moss
And lichens cleaving to the hoary bark.
Their sapless branches bear nor leaf nor bloom,
But, bent and twisted, rot and fall to earth.
Nature, well pleased with their old services,
Seems to reward them with a slow decay,
Protected from the violence of storms,
And pensioned on the bounty of the sun.

Beyond the garden sleep the convent dead,
Promiscuous mingled with their mother earth.
The long, dark grass doth cover them; and trees
Wave all their friendly shadows to and fro
Over the silent graves; but not a stone
Is left to tell whose daughters sleep below.
Alas! sweet spouses of the risen Lord,
Where now are all your chants and vesper hymns,
Which, in the twilight chancels and the quires,
Ye, in the chapel, sang at eventide?
No more in lonely cell your pallid cheeks
Shall glimmer, in the broken light of stars
Streaming thro' iron lattices; no more
In holy reverence shall ye bow your heads
Before the Golden Image on the wall:
The night is passed, and night again is here,
And many watchers wait to see the dawn.

And now, having conducted the reader all round the park, and introduced him, in prose and verse, to the beautiful and notable things it contains, it is but just that I should say a word in honour of the present occupier, who, emulative of all good and generous sentiments, is not content to preserve this fine domain for his own use and pleasure, but must needs throw it open, at convenient seasons, to the galas and holidays of the poor. Thus, during the summer months, the park is often enlivened by hundreds, and in some instances by thousands, of happy Sunday school children, who with their teachers, pastors, and parents, abandon themselves for one day at least to the impulses of their own hearts, to fun, and game, and frolic, and to the genial influences of nature. At such times I have seen the good Henry Wickham, and his family, walking delighted amongst their joyous guests, or dancing with them on the green sward; recalling to my mind many older visions of hospitality, of good feeling, and sympathy with the poor, which now, alas! belong, for the most part, to the old and the past. It is in these delightful grounds also that the galas of the neighbouring Mechanics' Institutions are frequently held; especially that of Huddersfield, in which Mr. Wickham has always taken much interest, on account of the high educational character which it sustains, and the real service which it is effecting amongst the mechanics and operatives of that thrifty and rising town. At the last gala of this institution, which was held in Kirklees, the procession extended from the Heaton Lodge Station to the park gates, a distance of at least two miles, and there could not be less than six thousand persons present. On this occasion, not only the grounds, but the gardens and conservatories were thrown open to the visitors: and, although this immense multitude numbered persons not immediately connected with the institution, yet such was the sense of responsibility felt by all of them, that there was no damage done to anything. Now, I take this to be a good argument in favour of the moral sense and conduct of the working classes; and I earnestly wish that our country gentlemen may have sufficient faith in it to induce them to follow the generous example of Mr. Wickham, whenever the occasion may call for it; for by this means their property may answer a high social and moral end; which indeed, if I understand anything about it, is the ultimate design and meaning of property. And it seems to me that Kirklees is infinitely more ennobled by those beautiful exhibitions of human happiness which I have just alluded to, than by all its ancient traditions and romantic histories.

I will now say farewell, until such time as the spirit moves me to write again, when I hope to present the reader with a real Cyclopean picture, sketched from the life of the present century, as a contrast to the sylvan sketch which I have here attempted to draw;—another picture, indeed, which Henry Wickham Wickham, Esq., is good enough to keep for my amusement and his own profit; and so God bless him! and you, too, dear reader!

SCHILLER'S MARY STUART.

By PARSON FRANK.

"A woman rules my prison's key;
A sister queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me, doubtful of the event;
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
O keep them innocent!"—WORDSWORTH.

EVERY act of creation which results in something graceful and benignant, is a true and lasting boon to the world. John Keats expressed this philosophy in that one famous opening line of the *Endymion*:

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Of course, we include female characters among the subjects to which the Keatsian predicate applies. Every "Vision of Fair Women"—unless, indeed, their external evidences be in downright opposition to their internal, like goodly apples rotten at the core—is a sight wholesome for sore eyne. Every fictitious damsel of the right mintage, whom imagination has idealized into reality, whom genius has endowed with a local habitation and a name,—is she not a blessing to society? Does she not shed lustre over the domain of "Men, Women, and Books"—cheering the first, dignifying the second, and immortalizing the last? She does for literature what her flesh-and-blood sisterhood does for our homes and hearths; and, unless shockingly given to misogyny, we all know what that is. We owe, therefore, a *benedicite*, cordial as ever old Chaucer uttered, to every fine specimen of womankind breathed into being, and moulded into beauty, and actualized into interest, by imaginative authorship. Whether or not a historical germ existed, to be developed into shape and symmetry by the artist, matters little—as little as the existence or non-existence of an Italian legend, whence Shakspeare might derive the suggestion of an Ariel and an Enchanted Isle. We may very well ignore such things as germs and suggestions, when dealing with grand and harmonious developments.

And, from the era of Schiller downwards, how greatly has the world been enriched with such portraitures! A bewitching gallery of faces and forms of womanly loveliness has been bequeathed to Catholic Christendom by him, his contemporaries, and his successors. It does one good to pace up and down the vista, and count up its riches. A catalogue raisonné of the complete series might be as difficult to draw up as a kindred "vexed question," *in ré* the British Museum. But a few of the celebrities may be alluded to, without invidiousness. Think for a moment, sensible and susceptible reader, of the eligible female acquaintance of which the predecessors of the above era died in most unblissful ignorance. Think, with a sigh of compassionate condolence, of the poor old foggies whose rôle in the drama of Life was played out before Goethe had woven his magic webs of fiction, or Manzoni had learned to wield the pen of a ready writer, or Byron even to lisp in numbers, or Scott to conceive such an entity as the author of *Waverley*. Perhaps our posterity, flushed with the pride of the twentieth century, will vent similar expressions of pity upon *our* memory also. We hope they may have the opportunity. Meantime, we are grateful for what we have got; and when a prospective hypothesis of that kind is mooted on behalf of posterity, we take comfort in the adage that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and with semi-sarcastic politeness beg to intimate our hope, that the hypothetical couple may be as real and as good as our one. Posterity has no right to talk big about such matters; we *have*. Posterity is not quite sure, at least within definite limits, of the "Coming Man." We are sure of men that have come, and come with power.

Schiller has given the world assurance of (such) a man. In his studio appear such triumphs of the plastic art of genius as a Johanna d'Arc, a Thékla, and a Mary Stuart. Goethe, again, has created for us a Gretchen, loving not wisely but too well,—and a Mignon, all passionate sensibility. Or think of Byron and his *Haidees* and *Gulnares*;—of Scott, in whose world-famous gallery we see delineated features so exquisite as those of Rebecca of York, and Flora M'Yvor, Die Vernon, and Clara Mowbray;—of the Kailyal of Southey, the Rosamund Gray of "Elia," the Gertrude of Campbell, the Beatrice of Shelley, the Isabella of Keats, the Margaret Lyndsay of Wilson, the Christabel of Coleridge,—not to enumerate the Emilia Wyndhams, and Jane Eyres, and Nelly Trents, and Amelia Sedleys of more recent fiction. We might indite a catalogue as long, and (let posterity like it or no) as interesting, aye, a great deal more so, than Homer's catalogue of the ships; for, though Homer was the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle, and the superlative big-wig of all antiquity, while we are only a "three-halfpenny Journalist," we make bold to pit our list of ladies against his marine document any day of the week, and any age of the world. Even philo-Homerics, like Mr. Grote and Colonel Mure, would vote against the ships, if it came to voting, whatever they might do at Lloyds.

Now to our *devoirs* to Mary Stuart—the captive princess not of historians

"Orthodox, orthodox,
Wha believe in John Knox."

but of poetry, of Frederick Schiller. He has made her one of those ideal characters which are, in the words of Menzel, "the legitimate offspring of his glowing heart—parted beams of his own internal fire." This critic contends* that the advantage of possessing the purest as well as the strongest passion, belongs to Schiller pre-eminently; that no one with so pure a heart equalled him for fire,—none who equalled him in fire possessed his purity. This quality may impart an air of unreality to his portraits. It may make them appear too good to be true. Accordingly they were unrealities, as a recent Edinburgh reviewer has observed, to Goethe, who saw that Schiller depicted creatures of poetical fancy, not human life or things external as he found them,—while Goethe himself was conscious, on the other hand, of his own extraordinary powers of observing both.† Yet there are many of earth's noblest and most enthusiastic sons, especially those upon whose open souls the dew of youth is still sparkling, to whom Schiller is "dearer than the rest," simply from this ideal tone of noble sentiment, and generous aspiration, and magnanimous action. They behold in his characters the dramatized embodiments of their own day-dreams, and welcome them as the fulfilment of glowing prophecies, the anti-types of a series of pregnant symbols.

Mary Stuart is, indeed, represented not as a stainless and tranquil-minded woman. But she is undergoing the sublime process described by that emphatic phrase—"perfected through suffering." With her the old things have passed away. The chief beauty of the delineation lies in the struggle between her queenly and her womanly self—between the high-souled Stuart and the anxious penitent. The vexatious petty tyrannies inflicted on her by her keeper, which extort so much indignation from her *confidante* Hannah Kennedy, only move Mary to exclaim, "Basely, indeed, they may behave to us, but they cannot debase us." Insolent opprobrium but awakens in her the reflection, that in the fair moments of her former splendour she lent to flatterers a too willing ear, and therefore is it but just that she should now be forced to hear the bitter voice

of censure. Before her rises in anger from his darksome grave the shade of bleeding Darnley—unpacified, perturbed, unresting, till the measure of her woes be full. If Kennedy would soothe her by pointing to the penitence of many a heavy year, and the absolution of the church, Mary's reply is—

"This long atoned crime arises fresh
And bleeding from its lightly cover'd grave—
My husband's restless spirit seeks revenge—
No sacred bell can exorcise, no host
In priestly hands dismiss it to his tomb."‡

The heart that thus yearns after religious peace is destined to be exposed, by a recurring series of incidents, to the promptings of earthly hope, to the temptations of zealous partizanship. Its wounds are never to be closed, until itself cease to beat. Schemes just feasible enough to fascinate one who has tasted the charms of royalty, are perpetually mooted in her ear,—and, in entertaining these "pleasing, dreadful thoughts," these exciting possibilities, these ever-to-be-foiled potentialities, the agitations of her spirit are renewed. Early education has not prepared her for the exercise of stern discretion, nor for that of a cynical self-command. Transplanted in her youth to France,—as Shrewsbury reminds her triumphant cousin,§—to a court of levity and thoughtless joys; involved in a constant round of dissipation, she never heard the earnest voice of truth, but was deluded by the glare of vice, and driven onward by the stream of ruin. She is thus represented as more sinned against than sinning. Schiller knew, says Menzel, how to represent the struggle of an original innocence with the pollution of its own guilt caused by strong passions; and he has raised it before our souls like love, and with the same perfection of art as in characters wholly pure.

Mary's susceptibility to the enjoyments of life is frequently displayed in a touching manner—especially in the scene where she is allowed to wander a while in the park at Fotheringay, in order to secure a rencontre with Elizabeth.¶ She hastens over the green sward as though a winged creature—too swiftly for Kennedy to keep pace with her. She will be blythe once more—

"Freedom returns! O let me enjoy it,—
Let me be childish!—be childish with me!
Freedom invites me! O let me employ it;
Skimming with wing'd step light o'er the lea.
Have I escaped from this mansion of mourning?
Holds me no more the sad dungeon of care?
Let me, with joy and with eagerness burning,
Drink in the free, the celestial air!"

The difference of idiosyncrasy between queen and attendant is happily illustrated. Kennedy seeks to check this buoyant excitement by an appeal to reason—to dash over this glowing enthusiasm the cold waters of prosaic reflection. She reminds Mary that her glorified freedom is sadly restricted; and that only a few poor trees hide her prison walls from her too brightly glancing eyes. Mary sees the trees from another point of view—they are friendly trees, that flatter her illusion and corroborate her dream. Hiding the prison from her sense, they conceal it from her imagination also. Kennedy can discern the forms of spies; but Mary will not hear, will not think of spies. She takes her present rapture as an earnest and harbinger of greater happiness; and when the sound of hunting-horns is heard in the woodland distance, she breaks out into such strains as these:—

"Hear'st thou the bugle, so blithely resounding?
Hear'st thou its echoes thro' wood and thro' plain?
Oh, might I now, on my nimble steed bounding,
Join with the jocund, the frolicsome train!
(Hunting-horns again heard.)

† Act I. Scene IV. (Mellish's translation.)
‡ Act II. Scene III.
§ Act III. Scene I.

* German Literature (Gordon's).
† See *Edinburgh Review*, July 1830.

Again! O this sad and this pleasing remembrance!
These are the sounds which, so sprightly and clear,
Of, when with music the hounds and the horn,
So cheerfully welcomed the break of the morn,
On the heaths of the Highlands delighted my ear."

The introduction of these stanzas amid current blank verse, may be as little pleasing to the taste of many, as are the rhyming couplets so often used at the close of Shakspearian scenes. Others may admire them as in harmony with the lyrical exultation which Mary is intended to express. This exultation is but short-lived; being the outburst of a singularly impulsive and sensational character. The sudden tira-la of merry bugles makes her all vivacity and joy. The sudden intimation of Elizabeth's approach inspires her with extreme dejection. Though she has for years prepared for meeting her, and studied, weighed, and written down within the tablet of her memory, each word that was to touch the majesty of England; she forgets all, and nothing lives within her but a fierce burning sense of injustice; she feels that the impending rencontre can never come to good:—

"Rather in love could fire and water meet;
The timid lamb embrace the roaring tiger!
I have been hurt too grievously; she hath
Too grievously oppress'd me; no atonement
Can make us friends." *

However, they do meet; and the result is only too confirmatory of Mary's presentiments. The elder Schlegel objects to the interview as too violent, and not, we think, without reason: both the ladies are sad scolds. We are thankful when their adroit polemics are at an end.

Unhappy Stuart! The wild scene with Elizabeth is followed up by a wilder one with the passionate Mortimer—her would-be deliverer and lover. This, again, is too violent for the dignity of grief like hers. But this over, we see her in a wholly attractive and affecting aspect—not bandying *tu quoques* with angry Tudor, nor struggling against the insane impetuosity of Sir Edward Mortimer—but an afflicted woman over whom are gathering the chill shadows of the valley of death—a worshipper within the sanctuary of grief—one initiated in the mysteries of sorrow, and whose common breathings are very *suspiria de profundis*. Till at length she can welcome death as "beneficent and healing"—

"All the indignities which I have suffer'd
On earth, are cover'd by his sable wings.
The most degraded criminal's ennobled
By his last sufferings—by his final exit.
I feel again the crown upon my brows,
And dignity possess my swelling soul." +

A protracted scene of confession and sacerdotal absolution (which, for more reasons than one, the English stage would peremptorily exclude), completes the tranquillity of the royal penitent. The past, with its reminiscences of Darnley and Bothwell, of Parry and Babington; the future, with its too definite horrors of degradation and death—both are lost sight of in present and, she believes, abiding peace. So that, in view of the scaffold steps, and of Leicester beside them, the queenly Magdalen can say—

"I fear not a relapse. I have to God
Devoted both my hatred and my love."

CONSUMPTION.

That very ingenious and learned physician Sir Edward Wilmot, told me, that when he was a youth he was so far gone in consumption, that the celebrated Dr. Ratcliffe, whom he consulted, gave his friends no hopes of his recovery; yet he lived to be above ninety, and this has been the case with some others who had many symptoms of consumption in youth.—*Heberden's Commentaries on the History and Cure of Diseases.*

* Act III. Scene IV.
+ Act V. Scene VI.

THOUGHTS FROM THE LOOM.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.*

It appears to me that none should suffer but those who've done wrong. They tell me we are paying for sins and errors in all our misery. I can't tell, certainly, what we working folk have done to deserve the misery we get. But it is possible that we may have done something. But it is *not* possible that the children can have done anything, and yet they suffer. They are as hard-worked, as ill-fed, as badly treated, as ill-cared for, as a negro in the cotton-fields, or a slave in the galleys. A negro! why a black negro, much as folk cry out about emancipation, is a born prince, and a happy fellow, to a Lancashire factory hand. It isn't to a slave-owner's interest to kill off his negroes, or to break their backs and weaken their joints. No; he takes care of them, he feeds them, and, as far as food goes, they're happy. But such isn't the case with us. Our masters get us for as little as they can; if we die in ten years of over-work, bad atmosphere, and short food, why it don't matter; there's lots of us, and the engine keeps turning. A sickly man can tend a loom as well as a strong, strapping, healthy fellow. Better: he can't eat so much, and so he'll work for less, as less will keep him. Our masters can't sell us out and out, and so they've no inducement to take care of us; and if they do see that their young hands look like skeletons with a bit of yellow parchment over their bones, and that they seldom see any old hands at all, why they paid the market-price of wages, and therefore did their duty to God and their neighbour fully. If the hands didn't like it, they could leave of course. This is a free country. O, yes! so free—in name. No man with a cat-o'-nine-tails whips us into the factory, certainly; but want of money, fear of the bastle, an empty stomach—these are our whips: and I wouldn't give much for a man's freedom that has these hanging over him.

But what I have to do now, is with the children. I don't see why they should suffer; and I want to tell your readers, Mr. Editor, that they *do* suffer. I want to set folk thinking about our condition—about the children's condition. They're the root of the next race. Better them, and you insure a better world when they're men and women.

Well, now, first of all, I'll tell you my own story; it'll show you, plainly enough, how our children are treated. I was born in the South; I won't mention the county; it's one of the wretchedest agricultural ones in the kingdom. That's all I'll say about it. My father was a day-labourer. He got sometimes five, sometimes six, and sometimes as high as seven shillings a week: that was all. He got married, and my mother had twins a year after. I was one, and poor Ben, who's dead and gone, was the other. I don't remember my mother, she died when we were three years old. My father took to drinking when my mother died. He used to strap Ben and I in two chairs in the cabin where we lived, and go out to his work. He'd leave us a bit of bread, that was all. When he came back, he'd be often drunk, and thrash us for nothing, after he'd unloosed us. Some days he'd turn us out without food, and lock the door on us, and we used to go and play in the lane, and eat berries when there were any. When we got to be five he made us go into the fields and help him. If we did anything wrong, he'd curse us and knock us down. Sometimes he drove a cart to market. Then he'd take us to watch it while he was drinking. We've been many a day in the market with no food except what farmers' wives about gave us. Everybody knew how we were treated: that we were treated like dogs, and left to grow up like dogs; and nobody interfered. The parson knew; a county magistrate

* Continued from p. 139.

knew, for we lived on his land; all the village knew, and nobody took any notice. That's the way we treat the children. We had to be men some day; and they let us be brought up as beasts, with no knowledge in our heads, no principles in our hearts, to turn out thieves, burglars, murderers, just as it happened. This is the way we treat our children, and then, when they turn out what we let them, we go and treadmill them, transport them, and hang them, when we ought to hang ourselves rather. Well, when we were six, my father tumbled off the shafts of the cart, was run over and killed. We were taken into the workhouse. We got no better food in quality there, but we got it regularly, and that was a great thing. But the best thing was, we were taught to read. If it hadn't been for that, I might have been a thief. That saved me. But it does seem strange that, to learn to read, one has to go into the bastille. If I'd got into prison, they'd have taught me there too. But as long as we were honest, and not paupers, nobody cared about teaching us anything. Well, I'm glad I got it, though it was in the poor-house. When we were a little past eight, the master called us to him and told us this, we were going to be apprenticed to a great rich factory-master up in the North. We should be taught how to earn our livings, and get as rich as him, he said. So we got a new suit of clothes all round, a surgeon examined us, and passed us. (I'm sure there never were two weaker, sicker, children alive than Ben and I, Ben especially.) We were sent up to the North. I don't say where to exactly. It was within ten miles of Manchester. We found a big mill, and big house where we were to live. Girls and boys were kept in separate halves. We fed in a large room, and slept altogether in another large one above it. They gave us sky-blue and brown bread morning and night, and broth and porridge for dinner. They made us sing a hymn before every meal and after it. They kept us clean too, that I will give them credit for. But we couldn't stand the mill, not one of us. Twelve came up, and when we all had the cotton fever, three died. The heat weakened me so that I grew knock-kneed, and got an asthma by the time I was sixteen. Brother Ben's chest sunk in and his back grew out, and he died at three-and-twenty. All the rest grew into sickly, miserable ghosts. We were all old men at twelve. They sent us to school here. But what could we learn when all the life had been worked out of us at the mill? We ought to have played on the moor or heath; not learned spelling and writing in a school as hot as the factory. I love education, but you might as well kill a lad as cram his head and let his body shrivel into a ruin. On Sundays, too, we got no rest, no fresh air. We were in the Sunday-school from nine till ten; in church till one; in school and church again in the afternoon; and we read the Bible at nights. We were very wretched; but what could we do? We didn't know any law—and I suppose there was no law to protect us. We could only suffer, and see our hearts seared and our bodies broken, without complaining. But Ben and I used to cry ourselves to sleep many a time.

Now, why did they send for us up from the South? Were there no hands here already—no men and women, and no children, if children they must have had? There were thousands. If they'd have posted bills in Stockport, and Hyde, and Manchester, they could have got men, women, and children to fill a hundred such mills. Lancashire was too crowded as it was, Lancashire folk were out of work by thousands, and yet they got us up from the South to swell a too full place, and keep out workpeople that would have been glad to do our work, and had a right to it. Why did they do this? Because they had to buy their labour (labour means blood, and bones, and sinews, and hearts, and living souls) in the cheapest market, dan the workhouse people let us out cheaper than men

and women in Lancashire would let themselves or their children out. So up we came to increase the confusion and hasten the ruin.

When our 'prenticeship was out, they offered to us to stay in men's places, if we'd take lower wages than the Lancashire hands were getting. Some of us did, and those who didn't were turned adrift, to sink or swim, to live or die, as might happen. Ben and I were turned off. We went to Stockport, and could get no work. To Ashton, Oldham, Bolton, Bury, and Rochdale, and could still get none. We starved for a year. Then at last we got work at Manchester. As I told you, I earn nine or ten shillings a week. Ben only got seven, from ill health; but he died last year at three-and-twenty. I'm knock-kneed, asthmatic, weak; I must follow him. That's what we got for a life, in a nation that is free and Christian, and sneers at heathens and negro slavery. I could give you many more cases from the factories, but I won't; my own will serve.

It's the same in London, it appears. I was reading in a paper the other day of poor Jane Wilbred; she was let out, like we were, and nearly killed under the eyes of the workhouse guardians. They hardly took the trouble to prosecute. What business have they to be letting out young children at all, as if they were slaves, in a free Christian country? If they do let them out, why don't they look after them?

Then I see that the same workhouse, I think it is, (I don't know anything of London, or London workhouses) has been sending out poor wretched children to Bermuda, or some such place. It isn't a very healthy place that, and there are not many situations to spare. What business have they to do a thing like that? Whether they are beaten, or are starved or murdered, how can the London bastille people know? If they couldn't see after Jane Wilbred in London, how can they see after thirty children in Bermuda? What have these children done that we should so treat them as if they were machines that couldn't feel, and had no souls, in a free Christian country?

Then, again, I see in another London workhouse, that the children have been dying from overcrowding them together, and giving them bad food. Note that also.

I was reading also in the papers that a policeman had looked in at a window, and seen a coat hanging on a string: and a man teaching a lot of little children how to pick its pockets without shaking the string. When they shook it, he knocked them down with a stick and kicked them. This schoolmaster was brought before the magistrate, and I think sent to prison. But the children? Did they see after them, do anything with them? No: they left them to find new schoolmasters, grow up like little soulless vagabonds, and get hanged or transported in the end, and all this in a free Christian country.

Then, again (this is the last case I'll bother you with), I saw that four or five little wretches, all under eleven, had been brought up before the Lord Mayor for stealing. What did he do? Ordered them to be whipped and given to their parents. As if such parents as they must have had were fit to have children at all. What will those poor children come to? Whipping won't sow religion and morality in them. They'll grow up from bad to worse; come up before the Lord Mayor again and again, and end as I said the others would.

This is enough to show how we treat our children. We let ignorance be sown, and expect the fruits of wisdom. We shan't reap such fruits, thank Heaven, till we repent and mend our ways.

Now, what I want to see is this. Can't we do anything for the children? I will, with your permission, Mr. Editor, try to answer this, and then I'll hold my tongue and trouble you no more.

A MANCHESTER WEAVER.

LOVERS' AMAZEMENTS;*

OR, HOW WILL IT END?

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The room at head-quarters. LA ROUSSE, in a morning gown, and with his arm in a sling, is discovered conversing with LOUISE LA MOTTE, who is veiled in a fall.*

La Rousse. Well, to convince you I can speak the truth,
And so deserve a sight of you, I own
I did devise this news of a relapse,
On purpose to bring back those lustrous eyes,
That I might thank them. Would you heal my wounds,
Yet scorn my gratitude? I see the roses
Burn through this morning mist (*touching her veil*);
let me remove it;

Do;—let me now;—and worship my Aurora.
Speak up to me at least, and let me hear you.
(*Aside.*) Anything, so she will but stop, and argue.

Louise (aside). The same light heart, I fear, to
nothing fix'd.

His sufferings cost me some of the old sighs;
But this rights all; and he shall find it so.—

(*Aloud.*) You knew a cousin of mine once, I believe,
Daughter of General De La Motte, her name—

La Rousse. (eagerly.) Louise! What has become of
her?

Where does she live?—I beg your pardon. See,
How anything concerns me, link'd with you.
Never mind answering those questions now:
Speak only of yourself.—(*Aside.*) Cousin! Louise!
The family voice, by Heaven! only more strong,
And sprightlier too. I recollect her mentioning
A cousin somewhere, a far giddier damsel
Than her sweet self.—Oh, I'm in luck twice over;
Grave and gay, 'faith.

Louise. You didn't know her much then,
This same good little cousin of mine? I fear,
She boasted.

La Rousse. No, no. A young lady boast!
Nonsense. Daughter of General De La Motte,
Whom Richelieu treated so—Oh, yes, I knew her—
Knew her well—knew her very well—Louise—
Pretty Louise. She had an air of you,
Only less charming.

Louise. Yet they say you lov'd her.
La Rousse. Her! what, Louise?

Louise. Ay, for a day or so.
Yours have been right Auroras, you know, Captain;
Seven to the week; a goddess every day.

La Rousse. (Aside.) Captain! come, there's ac-
quaintanceship in that;

A stanch, familiar, soldier-loving sound;
Sharp through the lips. Ah, these benevolent women!
They're the most loving virtues under heaven:
They take such pity on you, for *your* sake!
With such a ravishing want of selfishness!—
(*Aloud.*) Lov'd her! you don't mean seriously?

Louise. I do;
And so, 'twas thought, you did.

La Rousse. To see the talk now!

Really I must say—

Louise. Then you lov'd her not?

La Rousse. Never. I liked her—oh, yes; I ad-
mir'd her;

How could I help it, being a cousin of yours?
And doubtless should have lov'd her, had time serv'd;
But I was order'd home for being sleepless;
I used to study so with an old clergyman.—

* Continued from p. 141.

Talk now; say something:—you talk charmingly:
Or don't, if you don't like it;—acquiesce:—
That will do;—signify you think as I do,
Just with a breath or so; it's so congenial.

Her chin was just like yours, the family chin,
A little, round, smooth, light, and pleasant chin;
Something 'twixt properness and provocation:
One of those chins one feels as if one handled,
Merely by looking at; it's so suggestive.

Louise. What if I love a graver kind of talk?

La Rousse. Graver! the best of all. All best is
grave;

All certainty, conclusion, rapture, trust,
And speaking face to face. Let's try how grave,
And trusting we can be. (*Aside.*) It's wonderful
How fond these women are of seeing gravity
And gaiety combin'd!

Louise. But there's a grave
Distrust, and fear of speaking face to face.

Suppose you might not like my face?

La Rousse. (Aside.) That's it.
Now she is going to shew it me. (*Aloud.*) Not like it!
What have I done to make you say that? Why,
I love your shape, make, gestures, feelings, thoughts;
And where we like all these, I never found
The face belie them. Marvellous, if it did,
When the sweet soul, dwelling so handsomely,
Looks from those windows of its house—the eyes.
Let me behold it: let me see your soul
With all my soul.

Louise. It has preserv'd your life,
You tell me.

La Rousse. Has it not?

Louise. A life nigh lost
For scorn of a false woman?

La Rousse. Falsehood being
The thing I hate, especially to you.

Louise. That's excellent. *Ecce signum (she unveils).*

How, good Captain!
What! not a word, and to a lady's face?

Not even ask an old friend how she does?

"Pretty Louise!" (*laughing*) you might have found
an epithet

A little loftier, methinks, considering
The flights your grammar used to take of old,
When you were studying with the clergyman;
But as you had to compliment my cousin,
Why, I must pardon you.

La Rousse. Judge of my feelings
By my lost speech.

Louise. Oh! what, you've lost a speech,
Have you? But how then can we judge of it?
Poor man! he has lost his speech! I hope some lad
Has pick'd it up, to make his first love with.
But really you should keep more speeches by you,
Particularly speeches for surprises.

It must be very unpleasant for a Captain
To be struck dumb.

La Rousse. Nay, if the gravity
You ask'd me for, yourself, suit not your humour,—
Exquisite humour, finer still than ever—
What if it should appear I was not quite
So unaware—so ignorant of—

Louise. Oh, don't;
Don't trump up that. I'll take it as a favour.

You really must not think of saying that:
The joke's too old, dear sir, even for Captains.

Stick to the gravity; it's so congenial:—
To the poor, dear lost speech; it's so suggestive.

Well, adieu, Captain. Don't relapse again;
Or I shall think your health so more than settled,
That if you say you're dead, I shan't believe it.

La Rousse. Another word, for pity (*aside*). After all,
She did come to me; did attend me; saw me
Through my delirium. (*Aloud.*) I am rightly served
For being ignorant, till this wondrous moment,

How much I lov'd, and what a prize I lost.

Louise. (interrupting.) Heyday! what wolf and shepherd's boy now!

La Rousse. Yet,
Not for my sake, but your own nature's sake,
May I not hope, that when you first came here—

Louise. (interrupting.) Oh! not at all. Yes, yes,
some recollection

Of childish times, and good-will thereupon;
Doubtless, a bit of that. Of course. 'T were barbarous,
Not to be better pleas'd to see a friend
Under the doctor's hands, than a mere stranger.

T'other day, for example, I attended

On a dear soul I knew just after you—

A Colonel, a delightful man. He then

Was only Captain, but he's Colonel now.

I would advise you, by the way, in friendship,

To have your night-cap chang'd to one like his:

It sits with such an air. Yours, I observ'd,

Was like a shoemaker's: and this reminds me

Of a poor girl (for our good sisterhood

Disdain to wait on nobody) who says

She loves you, and that you're in love with her;

A tall, 'big girl,

La Rousse. Impossible.

Louise. She raved

About your walking with a marchioness;

And said you were to marry her, to pay

Her father's bill, a draper. Positively

You should not overlook such twofold luck.

The man himself, in spite of his bill, loves you;

He says you doat so on a suit of clothes;

And she commenced her passion upon hearing you

Giving a list of ladies that ador'd

Your little finger. See now—why, you blush!

Gracious! a Captain in the Guards, and blush!

Dress'd so well too! and in such luck with ladies!

Well, I can't leave his cheeks in better company,

And so I bid him heartily farewell.

La Rousse. Hear me. Is there one word or thing
on earth,

That I can say or do, to shew how truly

Banter like this does shame me?

Louise. Certainly.

"Welcome the coming, speed the going guest,"

Says the good poet. Call the servant, please,

To order me the carriage.

La Rousse. Might I beg—

Implore?

Louise. You can retract your word, of course.

La Rousse. (calling.) Batiste! (*Enter Batiste.*) The
lady's carriage.

Louise. Thanks. Your servant.
(*Exit with Batiste.*)

La Rousse. (walking to and fro.) If ever I lov'd
woman upon earth,

That's she. I'll prove it too, and face the devil.

Dolt that I was! fool! coxcomb! ay, that's it:

Courage—the word's out,—say it again;—a fop,

Upon my soul! a fop; a little boy;

Haven't I sixpence for myself? A school-boy!

And she's of age first. She's angry enough

To banter me, however; that's one comfort.

[*Re-enter Batiste.*]

Now then, Batiste, my coat:—this instant,—gown off—

Tear it—there—never mind the arm—What carriage?

What sort of carriage? whose?

Bat. The old arms, sir.

La Rousse. Old arms! whose arms?

Bat. The Countess's.

La Rousse. The Countess's!

What Countess?

Bat. Montalais.

La Rousse. Death and the devil!

Bat. The Countess, sir, and ma'am'selle De La Motte,
The coachman tells me, have been closeted

Twice in the last two hours, and the Chevalier

Was at the house meantime, but went away.

La Rousse. (meditating.) Schoolfellows—old times

—knew—me—them and—oh!

I see it all: no matter: my time's come.

I'll be a man; go here, go there; do everything.—

(*To Batiste.*) Quick, you fool. Ah! (*He cries out with
pain.*)

Never mind, man. This lady
Trembled, you say, to see me in the swoon?

Bat. Ay, sir.

La Rousse. And bath'd my temples?

Bat. Till the surgeon

Took you in hand.

La Rousse. And she help'd him?

Bat. Ask him, sir.

He said, she felt like nerves, yet help'd like bones.

La Rousse. By all the—curse the arm—There—

that'll do—

Hat—never mind which. Gloves. If people call,

Say I'm in bed—anything—the devil.—An angel!

(*Exeunt.*)

(*To be continued next week.*)

Talk of the Week.

*The "Owen's College" at Manchester.—State of Culture in
Manchester.—Employers and Employed.—Exeter Free
Library.—American Literary Monitor.*

It appears that the trustees for the "Owen's College," at Manchester, have nearly completed their arrangements, and that the College will soon be opened to the public. There have been many mistakes in the proceedings of these gentlemen. The spirit of the wishes of Mr. Owen has, we imagine, been violated by a too strict regard to the letter of its expression; that letter conforming more with the spirit of some of the trustees than with the spirit of the gentleman whose bequests they have been distributing. To our mind, there can be no doubt that Mr. Owen intended his College to be established on the broadest basis; gathering together people of the widest extremes of religious opinion, to partake of a liberal intellectual culture. His design was evidently to establish a *secular* college. This design has been departed from, to a degree sufficient to provoke much angry comment in Manchester, though, thanks to that angry comment, not to a sufficient extent to materially damage the well-working of the College. Professors are now appointed, and of the discrimination used in the selection of these gentlemen, there can be but one opinion; and results of the most hopeful kind may be anticipated for Manchester. And surely no place more needs such results. There is energy, perseverance, force enough in Manchester; there is a very deep conviction of the good of cash and the holiness of money-getting, and the welfare of Manchester and the welfare of England demand very urgently that something should speedily be superadded, without which these possessions and opinions are mere instincts and dangerous forces. A respect for moral integrity; a reverence for genius; a thirst for intellectual culture is greatly needed in Manchester. A kingdom is in a very anomalous position when its governors are behind its people in all high endowments. And this is especially the case in Manchester. What culture, what high thoughts, what aspirations after the True and the Beautiful Manchester affords, are to be found for the most part in the young, ill-paid clerks and warehousemen, and not in the rich merchant princes who employ them. One of those merchant princes who has culminated, in a political sphere, lately told a Manchester audience of warehousemen, that a copy of the *Times* was worth all *Thucydides*. A piece of narrowness and nonsense unequalled in all the annals of stump oratory. A retired merchant, now grown a

cosmopolite in sentiment, and nearly in abode, said this—an audience of underpaid warehouse and counting-house *employés* saw it was ridiculous, and laughed at it. And, upon the whole, this is a fair illustration of the anarchic and dangerous state of culture in Manchester. The servant, the employed, has a higher sense of all that is perennially true, and eternally loveable and beautiful in speech, and writing, and action, than master and employer. This we deliberately believe to be very sad and very dangerous; and hence we see with delight any new intellectual establishment in that quarter. Its results may not reach the class who need it, but one would imagine that subscribing to libraries, to new colléges, to museums, to educational associations, would at length suggest to that class that reading and culture are not things apart from them, but that they have an interest in the Memorable, the Progressive, the Beautiful, and the True, as well as the humbler people over whom their money gives them almost unlimited control.

Exeter is apparently about to emulate Salford and Manchester in the establishment of a free public library. We give our hearty sympathies to all such movements in south and north. But we would suggest whether, upon the whole, this energetic establishment of libraries be not a premature step, while the state of education is so excessively defective. We are sadly afraid that the class who ought to read the books and use the libraries, have not, to any large extent, mastered the English alphabet. But the sight of many treasure-houses may, and no doubt will, excite a very general desire to possess the keys; and, in the mean time, many who have the keys want the treasury. So grateful to us are any efforts in an intellectual direction, that we hail even premature and ill-judged attempts with pleasure. But let us still never forget, while giving people books to read, that as yet they cannot read them.

The Americans have carried the taste for the horrible, which one would have imagined was sufficiently strong here, to an unprecedented extent. A large volume, at a very high price, has been published containing no other matter whatever except the case of Dr. Webster. The sooner such fearful tragedies are forgotten, the better for society. To prevent their perpetuation in peep-shows and catchpennies is perhaps impossible; but it is surely a sad sign of a depraved appetite when such wares go forth at a price and in a costume addressed to the higher and more cultivated classes, and it will not speak very highly for transatlantic refinement and civilization, if such a publication meets with encouragement. In England such *brochures* are confined to enterprising firms in Seven Dials; may they soon leave that locality, not to appear in the lists of Paternoster Row, but to vanish into the catalogue of things that were, and are not. S.

DEATH.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces!—*Jeremy Taylor's Holy Dying.*

Fragments.

AMAZING FERTILITY.

The productiveness of the soil in the Mormon territory, in North America, appears to be very remarkable. According to recent accounts, one farmer, during last harvest, reaped 185 bushels of wheat from one bushel of seed, and 300 bushels of potatoes from one bushel of seed. In this country, the average yield of wheat, from a single bushel, is not one-tenth part of the above amount.

NO INNATE IDEAS.

Locke's simile of the sheet of white paper is to be found in Hooker; "the soul of man," he says, "being at first as a book wherein nothing is, and yet all things may be imprinted." Hooker, probably, borrowed the thought from Aristotle, who compares it to a tablet without a picture.

A PROPHECY ABOUT THE POPE.

A great deal of noise was made, in 1848, on account of the supposed fulfilment of a prophecy regarding the Pope, in a pamphlet written by "the Reverend Robert Fleming, Minister of the Gospel in London," and published in 1701. In one passage of that pamphlet, speaking of the downfall of the Popedom, Mr. Fleming says,—"The fifth vial will be poured out on the seat of the beast, or on the dominions that more immediately belong to or depend on the Roman see. I say this judgment will probably begin about the year 1794, and expire about 1848." When the Pope fled from Rome in that year, it seemed as if the prophecy had been fulfilled to the letter. But, unfortunately for the believers in Mr. Fleming, the Pope has since then returned to Rome, although with little prospect of remaining there many years. Should he find it necessary to run away again next year, the prediction might still be twisted in favour of the reverend prophet, as he only says "about 1848." Writing in 1701 of what was to happen a century and a half later, one cannot look for his being able to hit the precise year. Prophets must be treated with a Christian degree of allowance.

THE SEA.

In the stillness of midnight, we heard the distant waves break heavily. Their sound, you remarked, was such as you could imagine the sound of a giant might be, who, coming back from travel into some smooth, and level, and still and solitary place, with all his armour and all his spoil about him, casts himself slumberously down to rest.—*Landor.*

A METRICAL RECIPE FOR A CHRISTMAS PUDDING, AFTER KITCHENER.

Air—"Jeanette and Jeanot."

If you wish to make the pudding in which every one delights, Of six pretty new-laid eggs, you must take the yolks and whites, Beat them well up in a basin till they thoroughly combine, And be sure you chop the suet up particularly fine. Take a pound of well-stoned raisins, and a pound of currants dried, A pound of pounded sugar, and some candied peel beside; Rub them all up well together with a pound of wheaten flour, And let them stand to settle for a quarter of an hour. Then tie the mixture in a cloth, and put it in a pot,—Some people like the water cold, and some prefer it hot,—But though I don't know which of these two plans I ought to praise, I know it ought to boil an hour for every pound it weighs. Oh! if I were Queen of France, or, still better, Pope of Rome, I'd have a Christmas pudding every day I dined at home; All the world should have a piece, and if any did remain, Next morning for my breakfast I would have it fried again. F. J. S.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. (Newcastle), E. T. E., and T. W. G., are thanked for their poems, which, although admirable in sentiment, we are unable to use.

MAHMOUD EFFENDI.—A packet lies at our Office for him.

If correspondents hear, or see, nothing from us in the course of a month from the receipt of their communications, they will conclude that we are obliged to decline what they send us. Their manuscript, in such cases, will be left out for them at the Office. It is hardly necessary to state that this notice only applies to our larger contributions.